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Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXIX. No. 35 MONTREAL, AUGUST 26, 1904. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

Wm Bronscombe 30 105

Stories of Our Pets.

FAITHFUL DUCHESS.

(Augusta Hancock, in 'Sunday Reading for the Young.')

Some months ago, in a northern town, there lived a family who possessed a beautiful dog of which they made a great pet.

Unfortunately, as time passed by, the dog's temper became very uncertain, and, as there were several children in the house, Mr. Smith determined to find a home for 'Duchess' somewhere else. Accordingly, he spoke to some friends, and arranged with a captain, whose ship was to sail that evening, that he should take away the dog with him. The night came, and poor 'Duchess' was conveyed on board and left there, while on shore there was great sorrow among the children to find that their playmate had gone from them for ever.

They received news that the ship had touched at 'Swansea,' and, shortly afterwards, a letter came from the captain, to inform them of the loss of 'Duchess' while the ship was in the harbor at Swansea; she had disappeared entirely, the captain said, and though steps had been taken to find her again, no traces could be found, and they feared that she must have been either stolen or lost in the crowd on the quays.

A fortnight passed by, and one evening Mr. Smith was returning home from business when he was surprised to find a large black dog lying on his doorstep; and still more was he astonished when the creature rose, wagged its tail, and greeted him with every demonstration of affection and joy. He tried to drive it away, but all in vain! It remained on the step, licking his hand, and looking up into his face with a pair of earnest, brown eyes, that he felt sure could only belong to 'Duchess.'

When the door was opened, and the dog brought into the light, its identity was proved without a doubt. Weary, footsore, and dreadfully thin, it was, indeed, Mr. Smith's faithful dog, who had travelled unaided and unguided, save by unerring instinct, all the long miles, over hill and dale, from Sw... to arrive at her own old home again in s... ty. Was it wonderful that 'Duchess' was n... sent away again, and still remains, tenderly cared for, and loved more than ever, by her friends? It was even said that her temper had improved with the change of air, at any rate 'Duchess' was never seen to snap or bite again.

DUCHESS.

The Sod Church.

(E. L. Vincent, in the 'American Messenger.')

The heart of the missionary was restless and full of anxiety as he stepped from the train at the little station which was to be his home. As far as the eye could reach a dead level stretched away across the country. What a change from the hilly land of his other days! How lonely it made him feel!

'Can you tell me where the church is?' he asked a lad standing near.

'The church? Oh, yes, sir. You follow this lane right out till you come there. It's two miles.'

Two miles! Well, he could walk. It would rest his mind to do something; and with his travelling bag in hand he courageously set out.

Again he stopped to inquire, for no sign of a spire pointing skyward met his gaze. He wanted to be sure he was on the right road.

Yes; he would soon come to it they said. The road was so straight that he could not be lost; so on he went.

A small structure came into view, but how strange it looked! Grey, and so rough! What could it be?

As he drew near the sound of voices fell on his ears from within the queer building. He would look in. Stepping to the door he peered into the half darkness. Two boys down on their knees were pounding the naked ground floor with heavy mallets, making it smooth and firm to stand upon. A young girl was pinning papers on a table in place of a spread. She looked up and smiled when the minister's form came between her and the light outside.

'Can you tell me where I may find the church?' he asked. 'I have walked out here thinking all the time I would come to it, but I fear I am on the wrong road.'

'This is the church, sir,' one of the boys said, coming toward him. 'We're getting all ready for the meeting to-morrow. We expect the minister to-night.'

'Well,' he said, stepping inside, 'I'm the minister; and this—this is the church!'

'Yes, sir. Don't you think it's a nice one?'

His eyes wandered around the dry sods, piled one above another to make the sides of the building.

'It's the very nicest one anywhere in this country. And you're the minister?'

The boy slyly looked up at him. He put his satchel down and reached out his hand. Something in the boy's tone gave him a needed inspiration. If this was to be his field of labor he would begin bravely.

'Yes; I'm the minister, and I want to help you, if you will tell me how.' And soon he was holding the corners of the paper while Annie pinned them neatly on the rough ta-

ble. When this was done, he took one of the heavy mallets and began pounding on the floor. It was hard work and in a little while the perspiration stood out all over his face.

Chattering like birds, the children told him all about the people of that new country.

There were not many people, they said, but they would all be there on the Sabbath. For everybody was anxious to go to church once again. It had been so long since they had been to meeting they would all be glad to see him.

As he worked away on the floor his heart went up in prayer that God would forgive him for being so sorely disappointed when he learned that this poor little sod-house was the only church here, and that this was to be his field of work. It was all so different from what he had expected.

When the work was done and the little room was all ready for the service on the morrow, they all walked home in the twilight, the minister still crying in spirit for the Master's help in this far prairie field; and when on the Sabbath the people came from far and near, sitting on chairs and on the benches they themselves brought, and he saw how earnestly they listened, he felt that his coming had been for the best after all. The rough sides of the house took on a new appearance. It was, after all, a very house of God, and the preaching was with power; for not many months afterward the little room became too small, so that at last they built a new church of mud. But when the minister bid farewell to the humble house of sods, his heart clung affectionately to that scene of his first real battle with pride. It was here that he had in fact conquered the tempter within him, and through the Master's great strength won the day for Christ.

Addressing a Band of Hope Union Conference at Portsmouth recently, Dr. Kelynack said that the medical profession accorded temperance workers support because they recognized that they were endeavoring to stay the ravages of an evil which, above all others, made for physical deterioration, and mental decadence, and which undermined the very elements on which depended the stability and dignity of humanity.

How to Speak to a Hostile Audience.

(Allen A. Stockdale, Pastor Berkeley Temple, Boston.)

Speaking to a hostile audience is one of the very best ways of training oneself in speedy and apt thought. To know that the people to whom you speak disagree with your position, arguments and conclusions, not because of any real reason, but largely from prejudice and lack of information, backed up by desires of the flesh, which go a long way in making the best arguments seem untrue, and to present your view of the case to such an audience is a fresh and interesting experience. Take such a subject as 'No-License' and discuss it before a street crowd where everyone feels the liberty of jeering or making smart remarks, and the speaker will be interested to note the effect of his words and study his power to control men or see how they control him. If he can catch his audience at the start he knows that they will stay with him to the end, but if he fails at the beginning he had better stop.

Street speaking on reform questions, if rightly done, may be used to accomplish a great deal of good. It requires in the speaker a full, rich voice, a quick wit to use to his own advantage all ludicrous and humorous situations and an unbroken flow of language in which to express the ideas and arguments of his cause. Illustrations of his theme ought to be picked from the very spot and have to do with the things which the street audience can see and know without effort at the moment they are said. The hardest point of all to gain is the respectful hearing of what that speaker has to say. How can it be done? In answer to this I will make two suggestions and give two illustrations.

1st. Always be in the best of humor, not apparently disturbed by anything which is said or done, and never appearing shocked that such rude treatment should be accorded the speaker.

2nd. Secure the attention by strategy and never try to compel it by command, argument or by appealing to the protection of the officers of the law. When the street audience finds that the speaker is worried it then becomes fun to worry him more.

Once an open-air meeting was being held in the interest of no-license in a city in Massachusetts. It was in a part of the city where the sentiment was most favorable to the saloon, and all people who opposed the rum-shop and advocated no-license were thought to be bigoted fanatics who ought to receive the most sudden and complete silencing. The brass band had played two or three selections and a large crowd had assembled. A company of young fellows were present who were bent upon having some fun by interrupting each speaker by laughing at everything that was being said. I was to be the second speaker and I wondered what could be done to capture that lump of levity before I should attempt to speak. I was somewhat of a stranger to the boys and so would not be easily recognized by them; this aided me in the following bit of strategy. It being a chilly November day I pulled my overcoat up about my neck, dishevelling my hair and pulling my slouch hat down till I stood in the rear of the disturbing company. Then, adopting their slang, relying on the supposition that they would take me for one of their number, I said: 'Come on fellers, let's let the guy say what he's got ter say. It's nothin' but hot air anyway, so let's give the duffer a chance. Come on fellers, let's quit our laughin' and let the guy talk.' They did not look around but supposed it was one of their own number who had weakened, so, taking his suggestion they stopped laughing and gave the next guy (who happened to be myself), a chance to talk. They think to this day that the voice was from one of their own number instead of the speaker to whom they listened, who was in reality the 'guy' to whom they gave a chance to talk.

Upon another occasion on the main street of the same city, when the same local temperance issue was being discussed, a man much intoxicated pushed his way into the crowd and proceeded to talk. I knew that either he or I would soon have to stop, so I decided that he was the one to stop. So, turning to the man, I took an attitude, pointing my finger and looking straight at him till the crowd began wondering what was up and started to push close in upon the man—nearer and nearer to the waggon upon which I was standing they came; all the time the crowd was increasing. When once their attention was completely riveted upon the intoxicated man by pointing I began to address them upon a real live example of the rum-shop's output, then turning to the man himself drew a picture for him of his boyhood days when he was free from the curse of rum. He finally broke down and begged me to stop—which made one of the strongest arguments for the cause I was advocating.

A Great Missionary Sermon.

The 'Baptist Missionary Magazine' has taken the following extracts from a sermon delivered before the London Missionary Society by the Rev. P. T. Forsyth, D.D., principal of the Hackney College, London:—

What we call the last judgment is only the completion of the deadly judgment passed on collective evil in the cross. The greatest judgment that God ever sent on a wicked world was no catastrophe; it was Christ and his cross and his salvation. What was done in the cross is a greater thing than the last judgment itself can be, however sublimely you conceive it. For the last judgment is something done in humanity, but the cross was something done in the soul of Christ.

The mainspring of missions is not the judgment that will fall, but the judgment that has fallen in the cross.

It is not so much pity for perishing heathen, but faith and zeal for Christ's crown rights set up forever in the decisive deed of the cross for all the world. These are far steadier than our views of the future and they will carry our missions better.

I sink under what is to be done for the world until I realize that it is all less than what has been done and put into the charge of our faith. The world's awful need is less than Christ's awful victory.

The weakness of much current work and preaching is that it betrays more sense of what has yet to be done than of what has been done. We feel man's need more than Christ's fulness. He brought forth judgment unto victory.

It is one of the banes of our missionary enterprise that it comes to the heathen from a dominant race and it has been the curse of Catholic missions in Central America, for example, that they were carried on by a church not only militant but military. That is what neutralizes the self-sacrifice even of Jesuits. These are the methods of Islam.

Preaching which ceases to be sacramental ceases to live, and it leaves men victims to material sacraments and unholy priests. Then proselytism takes the place of the missionary, and the church stands where the gospel ought to be.

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BOYS AND GIRLS

The Unexpectedness of Polly.

(Minna Stanwood, in the 'Wellspring.')

'There,' said Prue, throwing down her letter, 'isn't that precisely the way things always happen? Here's Cousin Polly writing that while we had her and her mother calmly sailing the Atlantic, and were breaking the commandment envying them, she isn't calmly sailing it at all, but is sitting up in a New York hotel. Her mother had to go back to Chicago because some one telegraphed the very morning they were to sail that Uncle Ed was suddenly taken ill. And Miss Polly announces that as soon as she hears particulars from her mother, she is coming down to make us a visit. She doesn't even say, by our leave, or if it's convenient, or if we want her, or anything of the sort. And of all the times—'

'I say,' observed Ned, renewing the suspended process of mastication, 'I say that's great! Remember the summer she was here?'

'Remember it?' Prue took up the words sternly. 'That was ten, no, eleven years ago. She was only eight years old then, and except that her gingham was prettier and cost more a yard, you really wouldn't know any difference between us. Little Polly, the Putnams' cousin, was quite a different matter from Miss Pauline Putnam, heiress of the cattle king, Paul Jonathan Jefts.'

'Well,' remarked Ned, meekly, 'she was a jolly little girl, Polly was.'

'And now here we are, the five of us, just betwixt and between. Yes, six of us, for father's just as bad. It's neither summer nor winter. We can't wear our summer things without looking pinched, and we can't put on winter things without looking ridiculous. And, anyhow, we haven't any hats.'

'Ned and I have,' put in Arthur, with a chuckle.

'Don't be absurd, Art,' reproved Prue, witheringly. 'Maud has that white sailor, and Lil has a burnt straw, and I have a chiffon. And as for coats! And as for skirts!'

All this tragic enumeration seemed to be having some effect at last, for Maud dropped her knife and fork and demanded, earnestly, 'If our Cousin Polly's so awfully rich, why don't we ask her for some skirts and other things?'

This seemed a simple proposition enough, and Maud was not at all prepared for the sudden and complete collapse of her family.

'Hear the child!' gasped Prue. 'Wouldn't you expect something better from a twelve-year-old?'

'Listen, Maudie mine,' laughed Arthur. 'Thy father and her father were brothers and hoed in the same field, namely, Grandfather Putnam's back lot. But her father, otherwise Uncle Ed Putnam, went far West to seek his fortune. On the cattle ranch he found work and the daughter of his employer. The masculine Putnams always had an alluring way, you observe. Well, presently there was a demand for beef, perhaps on account of the large and increasing family of Mr. William Putnam, left back East on the farm in Pinefields, Massachusetts. Then we hear that Uncle Ed's father-in-law is growing rich, then that he is rich, then that he's wealthy, again that he would be obliged to anybody who would take the trouble to inform him how wealthy he really is. And Miss Pauline is the only child of his only child, dost understand, Innocent? And it would be a life sentence crime to ask Pauline, the heiress, for hats and coats and skirts, or even to let her suspect that we wear such things as hats and coats and skirts!'

'Arthur Putnam, how you talk!' cried Prue. 'I guess, if you were—the housekeeper—'

Arthur was round the table in a minute. He caught the proud little golden head just as it was about to descend in tearful abandon upon two little, work-stained hands, and he placed it securely against his shouder.

'There, there,' he soothed, stroking the little bright head with clumsy boyish hands, 'she's the dandiest old sister in the world. And we wouldn't bother her for anything, so we would not. If she'd only let her two little big brothers go to work instead of to college, she could have hats and coats and skirts enough, so she could!'

Prue's hands were down in a minute, and a few determined wriggles set her free of Arthur's embrace. 'What are you folks talking about?' she demanded, looking round indignantly. 'What does anybody care about hats and things? We've got enough to keep us comfortable, and who do you think's going to put on airs just because a rich cousin happens to be coming?'

There was a general laugh as the children left the table, and twenty-two-year-old Prue took herself off with her problem. Sometimes she did forget like that, and let the boys see what a time she was having. But she was always sorry, and she invariably set herself more resolutely to her task. She was going to do what mother had planned to do. They had talked it over so often, before mother went away. Only then Prue was to go to college, too. Oh, there was so much to give up and so much to learn, after mother went! If it were not for Lil, Prue often thought, she simply could not get along. But Lil was such a dear and a comfort. She always understood.

'I wish people could send word to all the rich relations in Christendom that they are not to go visiting their poor relations until they get engraved invitations,' sputtered Prue, out in the roomy old pantry that had served as confessional, lo, these many years.

'We needn't all go out with her,' suggested Lil, who stood with puckered brow trying to get inspiration from the long, black crack in Grandmother Putnam's big mixing bowl. 'That new shirt waist you made me fits you, and your skirt isn't so bad. You might wear Maud's light box coat. It will go with any color, you know. Polly needn't know it's Maud's. We've been groaning to think Maud is such a monster that she simply had to have a new coat, but the ill wind has blown us that much good. We have one decent coat among us. We can fix you up respectably, and you can take Polly round if she must go. But maybe she will not want to when she's going to Europe so soon. We might suggest that she rest up and feed up and save her shoe leather, the trip is so wearing.

'Oh, but Lil, suppose she should come for over Sunday!' It was quite evident that Miss Prue was not willing to miss one awful possibility. 'Suppose she should walk in Saturday night, and find us eating beans! Just beans!'

'Well,' said Lil, thoughtfully, her cheerfulness beginning to get a trifle anxious, 'well, of course, we couldn't disguise the beans. We'd just have to face it out, and tell her that we have to conform to the law of New England.'

'But Sunday,' urged Prue, 'Sunday we could not take her down to that little seven-by-nine church. Oh, I can just see her supercilious heiress eyes taking in old Mrs. Conn with her quilted hood, and those ridiculous Butters girls!'

'I know!' cried Lil, joyfully; 'father could take her on the electrics to Emhurst, and they could go to St. Mark's. St. Mark's is respectable, anyhow. And she would want to visit Ned's and Art's college town, you know.'

'Oh, but Lil, how would it look packing her up with just father when there are three girl cousins! It would look as if we didn't want her!'

'That's so,' agreed Lil, 'and we wouldn't have her think that for the world. But say,' she brightened with the new thought, 'we could explain that you play the organ, and that they have to depend on Maud for an alto and me for a soprano. And anyway, the running of that church is such a sort of Putnam affair, with father passing the plate and us five children in the choir, that it simply wouldn't be modest to take one of our relations there. It might look as if we were trying to show off. Isn't it lucky I thought of that?' finished Lil, triumphantly.

'Well,' declared Prue, with conviction, 'I suppose we may plan and plan how to impress her with our respectability, but like as not she'll descend upon us like a cloud-burst, when we least expect it. But here it is Friday, and she can't possibly get word from Chicago before Saturday, and she probably will not come until Monday. Then we can be jogging along in Monday things, and she'll never suspect that they're Sunday ones, too.'

Yes, Lil was a dear, as Prue told herself over and over, as she went about her Friday cleaning. She never made light of things, or poked fun at a person's worries, as the boys did, and she was always ready to talk things over. Still, there were other things besides clothes. Oh, yes, there was furniture! Why, Prue nearly turned giddy as she thought how delightful it would be to send an order right on to Boston that morning and have a furnisher step in and refurbish the shabby old house. But she contented herself with dragging her own bureau into Lil's room, which was larger and had fresher paper, and exchanging her own white enamelled bedstead for Lil's huge, black affair. Next she took down her muslin curtains and did up her white spread. As she dismantled that little southwest room, she had many a tear to wipe away thinking how mother had fixed up that pretty room for her first baby, her Prudence. Soon there were so many others that mother could not buy new furniture for all of them, but that little room remained to show what mother would have liked to do.

'We must try to keep all the other doors shut,' she cautioned herself, as she stood on Lil's threshold, taking a final approving survey.

But, alas! we have been reminded before that the 'best laid schemes o' mice an' men gang aft agley.' The Putnam family were seated at the Saturday night board, feeling altogether relieved and gay because the dreaded cousin was morally certain not to come until Monday, or perhaps not at all, which was better, when—the door bell rang! Every fork clattered down in dismay—that is, all but father's.

He said, looking up with a smile, 'Polly! To the door, Neddie boy.'

They sat with suspended breaths, waiting for the door to open. Then they heard a clear

and high voice announce, 'I'm Polly. You're Ned; I know by your red hair. I'm so glad it hasn't changed; I was wondering if it had. But nothing's changed in the blessed old place; it looks just the same.'

The words came very fast and breathlessly, but between sentences they were sure they heard a sound. They looked at one another and smiled. Polly had kissed Ned—Ned, who did so abominate to be kissed. Perhaps that brought them to their senses, for they all rushed with one accord. There was no time for words of greeting, really, for the sturdy little maiden in the simple, almost shabby, blue suit fell upon one after another until she had kissed them heartily all round.

Then she observed smilingly, taking off her blue sailor, and tossing it on the hat rack, 'You're eating beans! I smell them. I'm so glad. I just love beans, and I haven't had a decent one since I was here, eleven years ago. I tell everybody, "You just ought to eat my Aunt Em's beans! She knows how to cook, Aunt Em does." Oh, wasn't she good to me that summer! And I was such a troublesome youngster!'

The tears stood frankly in the clear gray eyes, as the girl put her hand caressingly in her uncle's arm, and looked at them all.

'Come out, dear,' said Prue, putting an arm round her cousin's plump waist, and, trying not to let her voice choke. 'Come out and have supper. We had only just begun. We are so glad to have you.'

They knew Prue meant it. She was never one to do lip service. And that very moment they all took in their inmost hearts that much-dreaded little heiress, Polly. At the table she looked round wistfully, as if she could not quite believe that the beloved face was really missing. And there was silence for a moment, for they all knew that she was feeling their great sorrow.

'You don't mind my speaking of it,' she said, very gently. 'I couldn't come here and not speak of Aunt Em. I loved her, too. Father? Oh, he's better, Uncle Will, much better. Mother writes that it was just the least bit of a shock, but the doctors say he must take a rest, and Europe is the very place for him. So as soon as they can get ready they will come on. And I couldn't stay there in New York waiting all alone, now, could I? I was sure you would want me to come. And you did, I know by the welcome you all gave me.'

They couldn't be eager enough in their assurances of delight, those young people who had so dreaded her coming.

'She isn't a bit like an heiress,' confided Maud to Lil, as they washed dishes together. 'I thought she would be tall and stately and wear clinging silks and talk like Roget's Thesaurus; but here she's just like the Putnams, kind of shortish and stoutish and rattleaway-ish in her talk. Why, I wouldn't mind her seeing that the soles of my shoes are most worn through—'

'Oh, Lil!' Prue burst into the kitchen, just shaking with laughter. 'What do you think! Polly says she's going to sleep with me, as she did that summer, because when she wakes up she wants to see the top of old Mount Tom the very first thing, and the river where she used to go rowing. And there isn't a thing in my room but Lil's old bed and a broken chair and an old washstand from the attic propped up with a book. And she took her suit case right up there and plumped it down on the bed. She never noticed a thing, but went straight over to the window to say how-dy-do to old Tom. Then I up and told her—'

'Oh!' 'Oh!' 'You never!' chorused the dish washers.

'I did,' declared Prue, sinking into a chair, weak with laughter. 'I just told her how I had fixed up Lil's room because it was big and had paper ten years new, and how we'd planned for her to sleep alone, and how we'd dreaded her coming, thinking she would look down on us because we lived so shabbily. And she said, "Why, Prue Putnam, did you think I was an Egyptian pyramid, and wanted to be stuck off all by myself in a desert? Don't you suppose I love you every one, and do you suppose I came here to see the furniture? It's the big, happy family that makes this place so dear." And I came near saying, "Please excuse us, Polly. It was all because we never had any experience with heiresses before." But I didn't, for anyone could see that her money is the very last thing she is bothering about.'

'And now can I wear my own coat?' asked Maud, anxiously.

'The dear child!' laughed Prue. 'We'll all wear our own clothes, and Polly can come right along with us. She says she's dying to see the dear little church, and all the nice people. And what do you think? She actually remembers old Mrs. Conn. She asked me if I remembered the wonderful seed-cake and dogs she used to make for us. And she remembers the Butters girls, and asked if they still had the swing in the apple tree with the steps leading up to it. I believe she hasn't forgotten one thing we did that summer, eleven years ago. Isn't it perfectly absurd the way we've stewed over her!'

'Well, there's one thing,' remarked Maud; 'I'm glad she isn't what we expected.'

'And I'll tell you another thing,' said Prue, solemnly. 'If the Czarina of Russia and the Empress of Germany were both to write that they were coming to see us to-morrow, I wouldn't make myself sick over it. I'd give them the best I could and be proud and happy to entertain them, and enjoy every minute they stayed. It's just as Polly says, folks that care for us come to see us because they care for us, and not to see what we have. I have learned that lesson, anyhow. The idea!'

'I know it,' chimed Maud, so happy about her coat. 'The idea!'

Danny's Five Dollar Gold Piece.

(Louise R. Baker, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

'Yes, I've got five dollars,' said Danny, 'and I'm going to spend it, too, because money is easy enough to get.'

'If I was you, honey,' said Danny's nurse, 'just for once in my life I'd save money. I'd put that five dollar gold piece away somewheres and forget I had it.'

'What good would that do?' asked Danny.

Danny was the only child in a house full of grown people. He not only had his papa and mamma to make a fuss over him and to give him money, but there were his grandparents and his Aunt Fanny and his Uncle John, so it is no wonder that the eight-year-old boy declared money 'easy to get,' and failed to understand what good it would do to save the five dollar gold piece that his Uncle George, visiting at the house, had given to him.

The thing that bothered Danny was as to how he should spend his five dollars.

'I've got most everything I want,' he said, 'and on my birthday I'll get everything else. I wish I was in New York 'stead of here in Washington, for I've seen all they've got in the Washington stores and I know I haven't seen all they have got in New York.'

'Some day, honey,' said Danny's nurse, 'your papa will be carrying you up to New York. If I was you I'd just put that five dollar gold piece away and forgot I had it till my papa carries me up to New York.'

'Oh, pshaw!' cried Danny, 'when I go to New York grandpa and grandma and papa and mamma and Aunt Fanny and Uncle John will all give me money,—and papa will see to it that I've got enough. I'm not going to save this five dollars till then, anyway, because I might never go to New York; I might die.'

'So you might, honey,' said the nurse, 'so you might; but I kind of got a notion that you'll live to see New York.'

'I'll bring you a present if I do,' said Danny, generously.

'I guess a person could buy something real nice with five dollars, couldn't they, grandma?' asked Danny, later in the day.

'Yes, indeed,' said grandma, smiling at him through her spectacles.

'What?' asked Danny.

'Let me see,' said Grandma. 'You have soldier's clothes and a Punch and Judy, and—'

'A steam engine,' said Danny.

'You've got a printing press,' said grandma.

'Yes,' said Danny, 'and a telephone and a telescope and all things like that. Can't you think of something new, grandma. Can't you? Can't you?'

Presently grandma looked into the face of her grandson and smiled very much.

'You've thought of something,' cried Danny. 'I knew you would.'

'I cannot tell you what it is, dear,' said grandma, softly 'because, you see, I am going to give it to a certain little boy on his birthday.'

'Oh!' said Danny. 'I wish I did know what to buy.'

'Which pocket is the gold piece burning a hole in?' asked grandma, laughing outright.

Danny laughed, too. 'This one,' he said, and dived into the right pocket of his short trousers.

'Dear, aren't you afraid you'll lose it?' questioned grandma.

Danny shook his curly head. 'Never lost any money in my life,' he said; 'just spent it all.'

'Some little boys would think themselves rich if they had five dollars,' said grandma.

'I know I'm rich,' said Danny, 'but I would not think I was rich on account of five dollars.'

'I'm afraid,' said grandma, 'that you have more money than is good for you, sweetheart. When I was a little girl I would have felt very rich if anyone had given me a five dollar gold piece.'

'What would you have bought with it, grandma?' asked Danny.

'Let me see,' said grandma. 'I would have bought a doll for Sadie and a book for each of the boys and something for father and mother and a present for mammy in the kitchen. I would have bought a whole lot of candy and had money left.'

'It must be awful nice to have brothers and sisters,' said Danny.

'It is,' said grandma. 'You poor little fellow to be the only one. Danny, come here and climb into grandma's lap no matter if you are a great boy of eight.'

Danny was quite accustomed to climbing into grandma's lap, so he did it deftly and put his arms affectionately around the dear old lady's neck.

'Don't let us all spoil you to death, Dannay,' said she.

'I won't,' said Danny, 'for I want to be a fine man like papa.'

'That's right,' said grandma.

'Grandma, if you want me to buy you something with my five dollar I'll do it,' said the boy generously.

Grandma shook her head. 'Dear heart,' she said, 'I have everything in the world that I want. Don't let the money burn a hole in your pocket; just keep it and after a while an opportunity will come for you to spend it.'

'I wish it would come soon,' said Danny.

Danny's opportunity came early the next morning, before anyone else in the house was awake. The little boy, lying in his white bed in the room adjoining the room of his nurse, was wide awake when a waggon rolled up along the street. For some reason or other Danny was not in a good humor—perhaps owing to the fact of having had taffy the night previous and eaten a little too much of the delicious stuff; anyway, Danny felt like just grumbling.

'I wish old milk waggons wouldn't travel along this street,' he grumbled. 'I bet in New York they have to always go to the back. Washington's got too many old good-for-nothing houses stuck in our good neighborhoods, anyway. I wish I had laid off Washington. I would have put all the best houses together and no old milk waggons dare to travel anywhere but in the alleys. Of course, I can't sleep when milk waggons make that much noise. I know it is a milk waggon.'

Although Danny spoke very positively, he wanted to make sure that he was right, so he went over to the window. Yes, it was a milk waggon and the milkman was carrying a bottle of milk to the door of the very next house.

'Our bottles come to the basement,' Danny thought, 'but they ought to be put around at the kitchen door. If I had laid out Washington I wouldn't have had any basement doors in front. They're ugly.'

The patient old horse harnessed to the milk waggon had been standing very still down there in the dimness of the morning, his head bowed meekly, but suddenly something startled him and he gave a great jump into the air, Danny saw him, a 'terrible jump away up into the air,' the little boy described it, and out into the street with ominous clatter went the two large boxes filled with bottles of milk and cream. Instantly a great white spot, resembling snow, was down there in the dim street and the old horse was just standing patiently still again, his head bowed meekly. Danny, half scared, feeling almost as if he had helped to bring about the disaster, crept back into his little white bed.

The only child in the house full of grown people was possessed of a lively imagination. He lay back in his little white bed and he speculated as to what would happen on account of the accident, while down there under the window he heard the milkman gathering up the broken bottles.

'The man at the dairy will be furious,' thought Danny, 'and nobody will know that it wasn't the milkman's fault. The man at the dairy may just think he did it on purpose and he didn't. The dairyman may discharge this milkman and get another—and it was all an accident—it wasn't the man's fault and it wasn't the horse's fault; something must have scared the horse like everything, for he gave a terrible jump away up into the air. And we won't get any milk and Mrs. Wilson and lots of people won't get any milk, and everybody will be mad—and nobody will know how it was—nobody but me. I wonder—' and Danny turned over and gazed towards the window through which came the sound made by the milkman gathering up the broken bottles. 'I wonder what the damage was? I wonder if it was five dollars?' In a minute the little boy was out of bed again. He put on his little short trousers directly over his night drawers, felt in the right-hand pocket and went from the room and down the stairs, holding on to the banisters in the darkness.

He found it a little troublesome to unlock both the hall door and the vestibule door, but he managed to do it and stepped outside, although the weather was bitter cold.

'Milkman!' he called, shrilly, 'milkman!'

The milkman had about gathered up the last of the broken bottles and he gave a start and looked wonderingly over at the steps; then he advanced towards the small figure and said sharply, 'Look here, little chap, you will catch your death of cold. Get right back there into the house.

Danny felt the kindness of the milkman.

'I won't go into the vestibule,' he said, 'less you go, too, because I've got something to say to you.'

'I haven't time,' said the man; 'I've got to get back to the dairy quick as a wink—I'm a new man and am looking for walking papers for being careless.

'You weren't careless,' said Danny. 'I saw the accident. What was the damage?'

'You'll kill yourself; go into the house,' ordered the man.

'What was the damage?' repeated Danny.

The milkman gave a short laugh. 'Five dollars, I reckon,' he said, 'now will you go into the house?'

'No,' said Danny.

Then the man who expected to receive his walking papers in a short time, ran up the steps of the large house, took hold of the small boy and lifted him into the hall.

But Danny's hand had been into the pocket of his short trousers and it had been somewhere else, too, into the pocket of the milkman.

'I saw the accident,' said Danny, 'and I'll tell the people up here not to get mad. I'll tell you something when you get back in your waggon.'

The milkman heard these words when he got back into the waggon:

'Put your hand in your pocket and remember that's to pay the damages.'

There would be a longer story, if one went into the details of the milkman's surprise when he did put his hand into his pocket and found the five dollar gold piece. Suffice it to say that although the honest milkman immediately returned to the large house with the 'little fellow's money,' the five dollars went back to the dairy again and did pay for the damages of the morning's accident and a whole house full of grown people were excited and jubilant over the manner in which Danny spent his money.

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Martin Ware's Temptation.

(Elizabeth Cumings, in the 'Union Signal.')

'I'll take the block from cellar to attic and give you a square rent.'

Mr. O'Shea uncrossed his expensively clad legs and recrossed them, curiously wriggling the muscles about his shaven jaws. Then he named a sum that made the spine of his attentive listener just thrill.

'I've always run first-class places with everything up to date and decent,' resumed Mr. O'Shea. 'Of course I'd expect you to shell out well in repairs, but I'll take a five years' lease. The outfit I'd put in would be solid mahogany, French glass, and the best of brass. My bars have the finest of silver and glass furnishings, and my men are all abstainers. I won't have a whiskey-drinking fool at the head of any place of mine.'

There was a pause, broken only by the blurred roar of traffic so tremendous that the stone walls could not shut it away from private offices. Then the speaker, a tall, lightly built blonde man of fifty, rose. Very fresh and prosperous he looked from head to heel, but something indescribable set him worlds away from the alike prosperous looking figure of his listener, Martin Ware, broker and owner of the office. Both of these men had blue eyes into which came evil white lights at times, and both had somewhat large, thin-lipped mouths that could close with the obstinacy of a bear-trap; but Martin Ware was unmistakably a gentleman. A wise observer would wait for developments before he formed any opinion of Mr. Thomas O'Shea. It should, however, be set down that in the centre of that big body now sheltered under fine linen and satin and broadcloth, beat a heart kind according to its light.

Born in a tenement, fighting his way up among his mother's washtubs, Thomas had not become a capitalist and ward politician of commanding influence by evil powers and ways alone. But for the intimate reason that might deter Martin Ware from renting his property for saloon purposes, O'Shea had little comprehension and less sympathy. He understood that people not in the trade objected to it as subject to hazard. That women and certain types of Protestant preachers should object to it absolutely was nothing to him. They did not understand business. They were not in business. He thought of them, when at all, as weaklings given to very much talk and tea drinking. He felt that he had made Mr. Ware an excellent offer, as indeed he had. He had purposely made it in person, and he had brought with him letters from men high in public confidence, setting forth his character and financial standing. The firm of Ware, Middleton and Swift, brokers, had one kind of standing in Chicago. He, Thomas O'Shea, also had his standing.

'Curious how trade and folks are all swept way from certain localities, he commented as he reached for his high-priced hat. 'The little Africa you see from the elevated below Twelfth street is enough to make you sick. I judge you haven't been getting much returns from your block on Winter terrace.'

'Not since the Columbian fair,' admitted Mr. Ware.

'Well, I'm off for Milwaukee. But if you will drop me a note, say this evening, I'll be home in time for it to-morrow.'

'Very well; I will drop you a note,' replied Mr. Ware, and bowing out his visitor he knew that the fact that he had promised to consider his proposition even for five minutes meant that he was in the clutch of temp-

tation. But if he knew it as a temptation it was in a benumbed, hypnotised fashion.

Coming of New England stock, and having risen to his position slowly and toilsomely and by much economy, Mr. Ware told himself that the investment in Winter terrace had been for a long time bad business. Here was a chance to put it on a paying basis. He felt certain that Thomas O'Shea was able to do what he promised, and that he would keep his word. Then, just now, the rent he offered would be especially valuable. At no time is the master of all evil more irresistible than when he seems 'reasonable'—to have 'sound sense' on his side.

If Mr. Martin Ware now lived in a residence of pressed brick on the Sheridan Drive his life in Chicago had begun in a modest little board Venetian cottage of six rooms, so far down in South Chicago that the courage of the most sanguine real estate man had not carried him beyond board walks, and coal oil street lamps. The Venetian cottage was a cellarless concession to the oozy soil. The parlor was upstairs, and one just reached the front door by a long flight of steps. Mrs. Ware did all of the work and cared for little John Elliot. Every Sunday, unless the water stood too deep all about the little plank box of the meeting-house, Mr. and Mrs. Ware were in attendance at all the services. They took John Elliot in his cab, and were spoken of by the pastor as 'pi lars.'

At that period the highest ambition in Martin's head was to achieve a house and lot of his own, and a modest competence. He hoped, too, to send John Elliot and such other sons as he might have, to Bostwick, the little western college where his father, Dr. John Ware, had studied and where he afterwards sent him by dint of painful economies. If Bostwick was small, its work was of the best. The faculty kept in close touch with the students, and there was an atmosphere of high refinement and austerity that Martin had always liked to remember.

But fifteen years had wrought transformation in more than the financial condition of Martin Ware. He had not only a pressed brick residence in place of a rented six-roomed board cottage to live in, but he had become senior partner in the firm he had once served as clerk. He had of course identified himself with a church in the neighborhood of his home, an aristocratic connection, given to good works of a sort to keep the beneficiary at a safe distance, and if he was not 'a pillar' as he had once been, he was a deacon and solemnly assisted at the plate passing on Sunday. As became his increased income, he had gone twice with his wife to Europe, and had begun to listen to her ideas in educational values. John Elliot was now sixteen. The twin girls were fourteen. Mrs. Ware become a notable club woman, and efficient lady patroness to all sorts of select social functions, had now strong convictions upon the superiority of all things eastern. 'John Elliot must graduate from either Harvard or Yale,' she declared. 'It isn't simply what he learns, but that he gets in with the right set.'

John Elliot himself had said nothing. A disappointing lad he was in some ways, showing no taste for business, and even less for his grandfather's profession, which he spoke of to that gentleman, now a member of the family, as 'doping' and 'bonesetting.' If he had any special ambition John Elliott kept it to himself. Silence and an abnormal cleverness with the pencil were his only pronounced characteristics, but when the time came next autumn he would be ready for a college somewhere, that much was certain. If it was to be an eastern institution there must be a doubling or trebling of expense, and somehow, he could not just tell where or how, every need of life had expanded until the income Martin Ware had once thought of as beyond spending, had become barely enough to make an easy circle about the year.

It was November. A keen wind was whistling down the canon-like streets, bringing with it stinging little points of snow. Though it was just past four, and the ways were all blocked with vehicles, it was already dark when Mr. Ware left his office for the elevated station and home. A note to Mr. Thomas O'Shea was in his pocket. He would post it himself, he decided. Jack Vane, the boy, was son of his own cousin and sharp as nails. Jack seemed to know everything. He was going to make a wonderful broker one of these days. The wind was so biting that he involuntarily drew his head down and he forged straight on the block and a half to the nearest station.

He noted the young fellows passing him. John Elliot should have all the chance there was for him. He wished the boy took to business like Jack, or like Billy Middleton, his partner's boy, took to medicine. He had not seen much of him of late, and suddenly remembered that he had been coming in at ten or later. If there wasn't anything evil in the immediate vicinity of his home, it was easy enough to go where there was. But John Elliot was no end chummy with his grandfather, so there could be nothing wrong even if he had been somewhat neglected by his busy parents.

Taking refuge in the funnel-like opening of the stairway, Mr. Ware fumbled for that note addressed to Mr. Thomas O'Shea. It was pleasant to be where snow did not sting his eyelids, and he glanced out and down the street. The corner was a blaze of light, for the shop occupying it had sides of glass on which in gold surrounded with scrolls and garlands was the legend, 'The Cosmopolitan.' Screens of carved mahogany and plate glass hid the interior, but from where he stood Mr. Ware could see a painting that made his middle-aged cheeks burn. Even as he looked two young figures passed into the light on the pavement before him. 'No, thank you, Jack; don't drink,' said one, and lifting his hat passed on, while the other entered the Cosmopolitan, the noiseless door closing upon him like a trap.

To the amazed watcher peering out in the smudgy glow, that young shape had strangely suggested John Elliot. Was it John Elliot? Should he enter that place and make sure? At last he heavily mounted the long steps and took a north bound car. He would meet his first born, his one son at home.

Very pale and haggard he was when he entered his own luxurious hall half an hour later, but no one noted it, each was too full of wonderful news. The twins fell upon him with it.

'Daddy, John E.'s got a prize! It's been a great secret between him and grandpa. It's for original design, and he's going to build capitols, and oh, palaces perhaps. Aren't you proud, Daddy Ware?'

This from Ethel and Edith in a sort of silvery chime, while their mother smiled over their heads, and Dr. Ware smiled over John Elliot's brown tousled mop standing above him on the stairs. Very modest, even sheepish, was John Elliot over his doings which were nothing to his swelling young ambition, but his success made him voice one of his secret preferences.

It was after dinner, and his father somewhat flushed, but looking supremely happy, had come up from the furnace room, a place he had not visited before in a year, and to which he had really gone to burn a sealed and stamped note, though he had quite another excuse ready had one seemed demanded.

'If you don't mind, father dear,' began the reticent John Elliot, 'I'd rather go to Bostwick. They do good work in drawing up there. Then, I'd like to set my name after yours and grandfather's on the roll. If I need what the east has to offer, as no doubt I will, there's time.'

Martin Ware put his hand to his eyes, then he nodded. He longed to rise and cry out his gladness in the mercy and goodness of God, but for very humility and gladness he was dumb.

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The following are the contents of the issue of Aug. 13, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

The Tzar—The 'Spectator,' London.
Russia's Alleged Reply to Tolstoy's Manifesto—The 'Chronicle,' London.
Is There Any Hope for Russia—The New York 'Sun.'
The Country Poorer—English Papers.
The Oswestry Election—The 'Standard,' London.
Theodore Roosevelt—The 'Spectator,' London.
The Vast Wilderness of a World's Fair—The New York 'Sun.'
The Delegates from Rhodesia — Correspondence of the 'Speaker,' London.
Concerning Men in Their Relation to Money—The Springfield 'Republican.'
Italy and the Mafia—The New York 'Times.'
The Alaska and His Country—The 'Journal of the African Society.'
A Great French Criminal—The Peculiar Adventures of Cartouche—The 'Sun,' New York.
France and the Vatican—The 'Spectator,' London.
Mr. Dooley on Mr. Carnegie's Hero Fund—The 'Westminster Budget.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

How to Teach Music—The 'Musical News, London.
Features of Furnishing—An English Home in Germany—Bedrooms and Nurseries—By Mrs. George Tweedie, in the 'Onlooker,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

My Little Brown Dog—Poem, by R. C. L., in 'Punch,' London.
Thoughts in a Railway Station—Poem, by C. S. Calverley.
Japanese Lullabies—The New York 'Times.'
Creeping Things Innumerable—By Canon Scott-Holland, in the 'Commonwealth,' London.
Servant Problem in the Seventeenth Century—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
Petrarch—The 'Standard,' London.
The Alaska Indians—The 'Daily News,' London.
The True Middle Ages—The 'Speaker,' London.
'Thy Will Be Done'—The 'Outlook,' New York.
Repriève!—Professor Metchnikoff's Prophecy—The 'Spectator,' London.
Interesting Letters—John Bright and Shakespeare—The 'Daily News,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Is the Palm of the Hand a Chart of Life?—By Fitzgerald Molloy, in 'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.
London's Milk Supply—The 'Spectator,' London.
The Ethics of Eating—The Pittsburg 'Leader.'
Mr. John Morley on Learning and Life—The 'Standard,' London.
Telepathy (?) in a Dog—The 'Speaker,' London: the Manchester 'Guardian.'
Shorthand an Art 3,400 years old—The 'Commercial Advertiser,' New York.

Flo's Fairy Days.

(Effie Heywood, in 'Great Thoughts')

O dear, it's so tiresome just to be a little girl,' said Flo. 'I wish I was a fairy; then I could do what I liked. I wouldn't have to go to school and learn my lessons or help mamma. I should wear lovely rings and just eat cake and sweet things whenever I was hungry.'

'So you would like to be a fairy?' asked mamma, who was sewing by the nursery window. 'Well, dear—let me see—you can try it to-morrow. You can be a fairy for the entire day.'

'Really?' cried Flo.

'Yes,' said mamma, gravely 'You can be a play fairy. I will make you some wings and you can do what you like all day.'

'And not go to school?' asked Flo, excitedly, 'or mind baby brother—or anything?'

'No,' said mamma, 'fairies don't do those things. You can tell me about it when you come back as my little girl to-morrow night.'

So mamma made Flo some paper wings and a gold paper crown for her head and early the next morning she went out in the garden.

When schooltime came, Ellen Dean, who was Flo's best friend, went by alone and Flo was half sorry she could not join her.

'Aren't you going to school?' asked Ellen. 'And what are you wearing those wings for?'

'I'm going to be a fairy to-day,' replied Flo; 'it's lot's of fun. Mamma says I needn't go to school.'

'O, dear, how foolish!' answered practical little Ellen; 'we were going up to the Bensons' pasture at recess and mother baked a little tart for you and me. Well, I'm glad I'm not a fairy.'

Flo watched her until she disappeared down the road, then she turned half regretfully and walked back to the seat under the apple tree.

About the middle of the forenoon Uncle Dick drove over from the mill in the old waggon that Flo enjoyed so much to ride in. He wanted to take mamma and Flo and baby brother to the village, but when he saw Flo he laughed.

HOW MANY HAVE HAD SUCH FUN AS THIS IN THEIR HOLIDAYS?

'What are the wings for?' he asked.

'I'm a fairy,' said Flo, soberly.

'Oh!' said Uncle Dick and he laughed again.

'Of course a fairy would never ride in a waggon' said mamma, 'because it would not be half fine enough and her wings would crush.' Then she turned to Uncle Dick. 'I should like to go,' she said,' but the baby is fretting this morning, so I couldn't take him and there is no one to tend him for Norah is busy with the ironing.'

'Let Flo take him,' suggested Uncle Dick, but mamma shook her head.

'No,' she said, 'Flo is a fairy, so she couldn't care for a baby. I really can't go, although I wish I could.'

So Uncle Dick drove away and mamma went back into the house.

The afternoon passed slowly. She saw Norah go out to feed the chickens and her first impulse was to say, 'I always feed them.' Then she remembered she was a fairy and they never did such things. She began to wish she could finish the square of patchwork that had seemed such a difficult task to her yesterday and there were berries to be picked for tea, but of course such things were out of the question. She flitted about the orchard on an imaginary horse until she saw the children coming home from school. They were having a merry time and she longed to join them, only she knew they would laugh at her wings. Oh, how tired she was! How still everything seemed and how the bees hummed—faintly—faintly—

Mamma found her asleep an hour later and carried her up into her own little room. Flo thought she was dreaming when she opened her eyes.

'Oh, dear,' were her first words, 'I'm a little girl again and I'm so glad, mamma.'

Poor mamma looked very tired and Flo put her arms around her neck and kissed her. 'I never want to be a fairy any more,' she said.

Mamma smiled. 'I thought you would learn your lesson, dear, and be my own sensible little girl again. I wanted you to learn how sweet it is to be satisfied with one's own life and with doing every little duty willingly that comes to one. And I want you to remember, my

little Flo, that the greatest happiness does not come merely by pleasing one's self.'

And Flo did not forget her lesson. She kept the wings as a reminder of the day she was a fairy. —'Union Gospel News.'

'Giveuppity.'

Two little sisters, Daisy and Bess, had been given a parasol, which was to be held and shared in common. It was a dainty bit of blue satin, with ribbons and lace which might charm the most exacting little girl. They were to take turns in carrying it; but mamma noticed at the end of a week, that Bessie's 'time' never seemed to come, although the unselfish little girl made no complaint.

One day, as they started for a walk, Miss Daisy, as usual, appropriated the coveted treasure, and gentle Bess was moved to remonstrate: 'Sister, it's my time to carry it.'

'No, it's not; it's my time! I have had it hardly a bit,' retorted little Miss Temper, with a flash of her brown eyes, as she grasped the parasol more tightly.

'Daisy,' interposed mamma, 'give it to your sister. She has let you have it every day, and you must learn to give up.'

'Oh, mamma, I can't! There is no "giveuppity" in me' sobbed the little girl, dropping the parasol and hiding her flushed face in her hands.

'Ah, little one! You spoke more wisely than you knew—'no "giveuppity" in me!' How many of us must learn, through sorrow and tears, that we cannot fitly do the Father's will without 'giveuppity' in our hearts!—'Daybreak.'

If I Knew.

If I knew the box where the smiles were kept.
No matter how large the key
Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard,
'Twould open, I know, for me;
Then over the land and the sea broadcast
I'd scatter the smiles to play,
That the children's faces might hold them fast
For many and many a day.

If I knew a box that was large enough
To hold all the frowns I meet,
I would like to gather them, every one,
From nursery, school, and street;
Then folding and holding, I'd pack them in,
And turning the monster key,
I'd hire a giant to drop the box
To the depths of the deepest sea.
—Waif.

The Miracle of the Egg.

'An egg a chicken! don't tell me!
For didn't I break an egg to see?
There was nothing inside but a yellow ball,
With a bit of mucilage round it all—
Neither beak nor bill,
Nor toe nor quill;
Not even a feather
To hold it together,
Not a sign of life could any one see,
An egg a chicken? You can't fool me!

'An egg a chicken! didn't I pick
Up the very shell that had held the chick—
So they said?—and didn't I work half a day
To pack him in where he couldn't stay?
Let me try as I please,
With squeeze upon squeeze,
There is scarce space to meet
His head and his feet.
No room for any of the rest of him —so
That egg never held that chicken, I know.'

Mamma heard the logic of her little man,
Felt his trouble, and helped him, as mother's can;
Took an egg from the nest—it was smooth and round:
'Now, my boy, can you tell me what makes this sound?'
Faint and low, tap, tap,
Soft and slow, rap, rap;
Sharp and quick,
Like a prisoner's pick.
'Hear it peep inside there?' cried Tom, with a shout.
'How did it get in? and how can it get out?'

Tom was eager to help—he could break the shell.
Mamma smiled and said, 'All's well that ends well.
Be patient awhile yet, my boy.'
Click, click,
And out popped the bill of a dear little chick.
No room had it lacked,
Though snug it was packed;
There it was, all complete,
From its head to its feet.
The softest of down and the brightest of eyes,
And so big—why, the shell wasn't half its size.

Tom gave a long whistle. 'Mamma, now I see
That egg is a chicken—though the how beats me.
An egg isn't a chicken, that I know and declare;
Yet an egg is a chicken—see the proof of it there.
Nobody can tell
How it came in that shell;
Once out, all in vain
Would I pack it again.
I think 'tis a miracle, mamma mine,
As much as that of the water and wine.'

Mamma kissed her boy: 'It may be that we try
Too much reasoning about things sometimes, you and I.
There are miracles wrought every day for our eyes
That we see without seeing, or feeling surprise;
And often we must
Even take on trust
What we cannot explain
Very well again.
But from the flower to the seed, from the seed to the flower,
'Tis a world of miracles every hour.'
—'Youth's Companion.'

From the Kitten.

I am only a kitten and what can I do
To keep myself busy the longest day through?
I can eat a good dinner and drink some warm milk,
And smooth my soft fur till it's glossy as silk;
I can play when I'm frisky and sleep and grow fat,
And in time I'll be known as 'the family cat.'
—'Little Folks.'

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LESSON X.—SEPT. 4.

Elijah Encouraged.

I. Kings xix., 9-18.

Golden Text.

Fear not thou, for I am with thee. Isaiah xli., 10.

Home Readings.

Monday, Aug. 29.—I. Kings xix., 9-21.
Tuesday, Aug. 30.—Num. xi., 16-30.
Wednesday, Aug. 31.—Ps. xxxvii., 12-24.
Thursday, Sept. 1.—Ps. xxxvii., 27-40.
Friday, Sept. 2.—Ps. xxix., 1-11.
Saturday, Sept. 3.—Job xxxviii., 1-15.
Sunday, Sept. 4.—Rom. xi., 1-12.

9. And he came thither unto a cave, and lodged there; and, behold, the word of the Lord came to him, and he said unto him, What doest thou here, Elijah?

10. And he said, I have been very jealous for the Lord God of hosts: for the children of Israel have forsaken thy covenant, thrown down thine altars, and slain thy prophets with the sword; and I, even I only, am left; and they seek my life to take it away.

11. And he said, Go forth, and stand upon the mount before the Lord. And, behold, the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind: and after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake:

12. And after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire: and after the fire a still small voice.

13. And it was so, when Elijah heard it, that he wrapped his face in his mantle, and went out, and stood in the entering in of the cave. And, behold, there came a voice unto him, and said, What doest thou here, Elijah?

14. And he said, I have been very jealous for the Lord God of hosts: because the children of Israel have forsaken thy covenant, thrown down thine altars, and slain thy prophets with the sword; and I, even I only, am left; and they seek my life to take it away.

15. And the Lord said unto him, Go, return on thy way to the wilderness of Damascus: and when thou comest, anoint Hazael to be king over Syria:

16. And Jehu the son of Nimshi shalt thou anoint to be king over Israel: and Elisha the son of Shaphat of Abel-meholah shalt thou anoint to be prophet in thy room.

17. And it shall come to pass, that him that escapeth the sword of Hazael shall Jehu slay: and him that escapeth from the sword of Jehu shall Elisha slay.

18. Yet I have left me seven thousand in Israel, all the knees which have not bowed unto Baal, and every mouth which hath not kissed him.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

INTRODUCTION.

We take up the Scripture lesson just where we left it last week. Elijah was at Mount Sinai after his long journey, sustained forty days and forty nights by the food miraculously given to him.

Weary with the years of wickedness and idolatry on the part of Israel, and of his own hiding from a wicked king, Elijah wanted to die out there in the desert. But God, instead of yielding to this prayer of his weary servant, supplied nourishment for sustaining his life, and in the strength so given Elijah turns his face toward Mount Sinai, sacred to the Jews as the place where God met with Moses and gave him their laws and institutions.

It seems to have been the yearning of his downcast spirit to get nearer to God, to find him where Moses did, that prompted Elijah to plod his way across the Arabian wilderness.

THE LESSON STUDY.

Elijah's Complaint. 9, 10. 'What doest thou here, Elijah?'

Elijah came and lodged in a cave in the mountain. It has been suggested that it was the very 'cleft of the rock' where Moses hid when God passed by. Read Exodus xxxiii., 12-23, and notice the similarity between the experiences of these two servants of God.

Soon the word of the Lord came to Elijah, and he was asked, 'What doest thou here?' There were no idolaters here to be brought back to God, no evil king to reprove, no prophets of Baal to put to confusion. Elijah seems to have somehow come to the conclusion that he is unable to accomplish anything for the Lord, so he retreats to a place where he may find, alone and away from men, communion with the God he serves.

He was not the last servant of God to feel thus. Many a faithful pastor, Sunday-school teacher, and Christian worker has felt the same way, when all his efforts have seemed to fail. But God does not hold us responsible for results. Our joy should be chiefly in the fact that we are doing God's will, though it is greatly increased when we see men brought to Christ as a result of our labor.

'I have been very jealous for the Lord.' Elijah answers the question by recounting the evil deeds of Israel, and says that he alone is left of the prophets of God. He has been faithful and anxious that God be worshipped, but now he has fled for his life.

Elijah's Vision of God. 11-14. 'And after the fire a still small voice.'

God does not answer Elijah directly, but bids him go forth and stand upon the mountain. Then God passed by, and his passing was manifested first by a terrific wind, so great as to break in pieces the rocks. But God himself was not in the wind; it indicated his presence but not his character, nor his way of working out his purposes.

Next came an earthquake but God was not in that. Then followed a fire, but God was not in the fire. All these were manifestations of violent physical forces; they had in them nothing that suggested the high nature of God, in his patient dealings with wayward or discouraged men.

But after the fire came 'a still small voice.' Elijah's spiritual perceptions are alive to the true presence of God, and in that still small voice, following the tumult of nature, he recognizes the God with whom he has to do, and its soft tones soothe the prophet's troubled soul.

Wrapping his mantle about his head as though to hide his face from God he goes out and stands to receive further communication from the Lord. Then God asks him the same question that he asked at first, and Elijah repeats his answer. Outwardly the conversation shows nothing new, but Elijah had received a lesson between his first and second answer.

Perhaps he may now have been led to remember the flood, the mighty plagues that afflicted the Egyptians, the opening of the earth to receive Korah and those with him in the wilderness, the punishments of Israel, the recent trial by fire at Mount Carmel. Yet, in spite of all the wrath of God, men still sinned. God was teaching him by the still small voice that, while Israel might be punished, he could not be saved from his waywardness, and God's purposes be accomplished merely by violent outbursts of wrath.

New Duties for Elijah. 15-17. 'And the Lord said unto him, Go.'

Elijah had been successful in his journey to Sinai, for he had met God there, and had talked with him. Now God shows that he has more work for him to do.

He is told first that he is to anoint Hazael king over Syria. This was a Gentile nation, and we are reminded here that God ordains rulers, not only for his chosen people but for the world. 'The powers that be are ordained of God.'

Hazael was the trusted officer of the king reigning over Syria when this message was given, but later, as King of Syria, he was instrumental in punishing Israel.

Next Elijah was told to anoint Jehu to be king over Israel. Jehu also became instrumental in punishing the house of Ahab, and in restoring the worship of Jehovah.

There was another one to be anointed, and this must have been of great personal concern to Elijah. God told him to anoint Elisha, son of Shaphat of Abelemholah, to be his successor. At the same time, Elijah was not to be taken from his earthly labors at once, but his successor was to be appointed now, so that he would have the opportunity of fellowship with and training by Elijah. Read the account of the call of Elisha in the last verses of this chapter.

Verse 17 may cause a little trouble at first reading, as it would indicate from its literal reading that the three persons ordered to be anointed were to destroy all of Israel. However, we must read the record as a whole. God was here referring to the punishment to be meted out to his enemies. Israel's long term of idolatry and wickedness, in spite of their words and deeds, such as at the scene on Mount Carmel, was to bring a time of reckoning. God was now preparing the way of it, and his chief instruments are to be, a Gentile king, a king of Israel, and his own prophet.

The Word of Encouragement. 18. 'Yet will I leave me seven thousand in Israel.' (Revised Version.)

In his complaint to God, Elijah had said, 'I, even I only, am left.' Now God shows him that not only is he to continue his work as a prophet of God, and to have a successor to carry it on when he is gone, but the Lord is to have seven thousand in Israel who would not bow to Baal.

The visit to Sinai was rich in results to Elijah. A season alone with God always is for the discouraged and doubting. The prophet was now encouraged and equipped for new service. So may you be when you hear and obey the still small voice after your struggle with enemies and hostile conditions.

The lesson for Sept. 11 is 'Elijah Taken up into Heaven.' II. Kings ii., 1-11.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Sept. 4.—Topic—New courage for new work. Ps. cxliv., 1-15; Acts xxviii., 15.

Junior C. E. Topic.

JOSEPH'S TRIALS.

Monday, Aug. 29.—An unwise father. Gen. xxxvii., 1-4.

Tuesday, Aug. 30.—The dreamer. Gen. xxxvii., 5-11.

Wednesday, Aug. 31.—The cruel brothers. Gen. xxxvii., 18-22.

Thursday, Sept. 1.—The obedient son. Gen. xxxvii., 12-17.

Friday, Sept. 2.—A prayer in time of trouble. Ps. cxliii., 7-10.

Saturday, Sept. 3.—A promise of deliverance. Ps. l., 15.

Sunday, Sept. 4.—Topic—A great trial and its lessons. Gen. xxxvii., 23-28; l., 29.

How to Make the Most of the Library.

Sometimes the use of a public or Sunday-school library is so hemmed about with restraints that the object seems to be how to prevent, rather than how to promote its use. We had narrated to us the other day a very striking example of the very contrary of this, showing 'how to do it,' instead of 'how not to do it.' It was a neighborhood which after fifty years' settlement was still without a Methodist church. The people started a school and bought a library of good books. Not only the members of the school but the members of the congregation, and even those who went to no church were invited to avail themselves of the books. It was objected that the books would soon be worn out. 'Of course they would,' was the response, 'that is what they are made for, and the sooner they are worn out the sooner we will get a new library.'

The result was what might have been expected, the school increased in a short time from thirty-five to seventy members, also a preaching appointment was taken up, a congregation was gathered and before long a neat church was built and paid for and a flourishing centre of religious, social and intellectual life was established. We strongly urge schools and churches to make the most of this potent influence for uplifting the people, brightening dull, dark lives, and for creating an interest in church life and religious themes.

Proverbs about Drink.

'Wine, dice and deceit make wealth small and want great.'

'A red nose makes a raggit back.'

'Intemperance is the Doctor's Wet Nurse.'

'Drunkenness is an egg from which all vices are hatched.

'Drunkenness is nothing but voluntary madness.'

'When wine sinks words swim.'

'The wise drunkard is a sober fool.'

'Drink washes off the daub, and discovers the man.'

'What soberness conceals drunkenness reveals.'

'Wine turns a man inside outwards.'

'A drunken night makes a cloudy morning.'

'Thirst comes from drinking.'

'Drunk at evening and dry in the morning.'

'Wine has drowned more than the sea.'

'Wine is a turncoat, first a friend, then an enemy.'

'Drinking water never makes a man sick nor his wife a widow.'—'Australian Christian World.'

Wouldn't Use False Keys.

The notion that alcohol may do good because, for a moment, it seems to do good, was well answered by a physician's response (recorded in the 'Youth's Companion') to a man who was somewhat too much given to the pleasures of the table. This man had said to the doctor:

'What do you think of the influence of alcohol on the digestion, doctor?'

'I think that its influence is bad,' said the physician.

'But a little whiskey taken just before a meal is the only key that will open my appetite, doctor.'

'I don't believe in opening things with false keys, sir!' answered the other.

This response was particularly applicable, for a falsely-stimulated appetite is a sure prelude to indigestion.

Soldier's Moral Courage Rewarded.

During the American Civil War, on one occasion the officers of General Grant's staff were holding a party, and all drank wine with the exception of one. Some days later that officer received an order from the General to see him. 'I believe,' said Grant, 'you would not drink recently when you were asked to do so.' The soldier who had dared to do the right, acknowledged to the General his determination, and as a result he was placed in charge of the commissary department and served through the war holding that position.

'Prohibition Failures.'

Robert J. Burdette expresses his views upon the question of prohibition and the practicability of enforcing it in the following terse form:

The laws of the state against murder do not entirely prevent murder; but nevertheless, I am opposed to licensing one murderer to every so many thousand persons, even on petition of a majority of the property owners in the block, that we may have all the murder that is desirable in the community under wise regulations, with a little income for the municipality. I believe in the absolute prohibition of murder.

The laws of the country prohibiting stealing do not entirely prevent stealing. Nevertheless, I am opposed to a high license system of stealing, providing that all theft shall be restricted to certain authorized thieves, who shall steal only between the hours of say, 6 a.m. and 11.30 p.m., except Sunday, when no stealing shall be done except by stealth, entrance to be made in all cases on that day by the back door, and at the thief's risk. I believe in laws that absolutely forbid theft at any hour, on any day of the week.

And, on the same ground, and just as positively, do I believe in the prohibition of the liquor traffic. And I never said that I didn't. And I did say that I did. And I DO.

I do say that the best way to make a man a temperate man is to teach him not to drink. But a saloon is not a kindergarten of sobriety. —'Pioneer.'

The people of the United States spend annually for literature, including newspapers, periodicals and books, a total of $174,965,625. The same people spend annually for malt and alcoholic liquors the enormous sum of $1,074,225,928. Whiskey and beer cost annually five times as much as books, newspapers and magazines.

Tobacco Dulls the Brain.

Dr. Fiske, of the Northwestern University, says tobacco is one great cause of student failure. Dr. Fiske asserts that tobacco in any form has a tendency to dull the mind of the pupil, but added that the cigarette form was the most objectionable and most injurious.

He shows by reciting statistics taken at the University during the last nine years that the students addicted to the tobacco habit made a much lower average in their class percentages than those who were not given to the habit.

Not a single student using tobacco has even stood in the first rank this year, and this has been the case in the last nine years with one exception. It is a fact that as the scholarships lower the ratio of tobacco-users increases.

The 'Alliance News' prints the result of an inquiry as to the views of American insurance companies on the subject of teetotalism. The question, 'As a rule, other things being equal, do you consider the habitual user of intoxicating beverages as good an insurance "risk" as the total abstainer? If not, why not?' was propounded by the 'Insurance News' to forty-two insurance companies and orders. The concensus of opinion in favor of the abstainer is noteworthy. Forty pronounce emphatically in his favor, while two cautiously declare that it depends upon the amount used. One declares that drink reduces expectation of life nearly two-thirds, and another that according to its books the ratio of the death rate is about 26 percent in favor of the total abstainer.

His First Patient.

(J. H. Hanmer Quail, in the 'Alliance News.')

(Concluded.)

How reposeful everything was in that great ward of the hospital. The pleasant sound of the flames in the huge fire-places was the only sound which broke the stillness, as Gerald and a nurse stood by the bed on which the boy lay who had been brought in, run over. A pale and thin face was turned upwards. Two blue eyes, soft and appealing, met those of the young doctor.

'Well, boy, what is it?' asked Gerald, very sympathetically.

'Please, sir, was it you that helped me when I was run over?' asked the boy, in a weak and thin voice.

'Yes, I fancy it was. Why?'

'You put your coat under me and made me right, and helped them lift me out of the road?'

'Yes, I did.'

The boy's arms moved beneath the bed clothes as if he were feeling for something. For fully a minute the clothes moved as if he could not find what he wanted. Then they saw his eyes become more bright.

Slowly his right arm was withdrawn from under the bed clothes. When his hand was bared they saw that he held in it some paper, closely folded up.

'Please, sir, you must have dropped the papers that are in this paper when you leaned over me when I was on the road. They were inside my jacket when they got me to the hospital. I wrapped them in the paper to take care of them. Please give me the paper back.'

Gerald took the tiny packet from the boy's hand. The outer paper was a printed form of some kind. He unfolded it, and then his heart gave a tremendous bound. The paper which had been so carefully wrapped up was bank note paper. Gerald opened the white sheets. Was it reality, or was he dreaming? There, in his hand, were two ten-pound Bank of England notes.

It was neither dream nor fancy. Two real ten-pound bank notes were there. Without doubt, they were the two notes which his uncle had sent him. The boy's story made it all clear. The notes had simply worked out of his own breast pocket as he bent down to help the boy when he lay on the road or on the sidewalk.

Gerald looked at the paper which the notes were wrapped in, and read the words which were printed on it. They were:

'I promise, by God's help, to abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors of all kinds as beverage, and to discontinue their use by others—George Whitmarsh'

'Is this your name—George Whitmarsh?' Gerald asked, a new spring of interest suddenly bursting forth within him.

'Yes, sir.'

'What does this mean?'

'Father used to be very bad with drink, sir. We were all done up. The "Army" got him, and he signed the pledge. Mother and my sisters signed, and so did I and Nat, that's my brother, so that we could help father.'

'Did you help him?'

'Oh, yes, sir. He's been all right for nearly two years. We got the home back. He gets good work now.'

Gerald looked at the boy and then at the pledge. His lips became set. A conflict was going on in his mind.

'Where can I get one of these?' he asked, at length.

'Oh, anywhere, sir. I'll get Nat to send you one, if you want one.'

'Do. Ask him to let me have it soon.'

'Yes, sir. Thank you, sir, for helping me.'

'That is all right. Hurry up and get all right again.'

The day but one after, Gerald Chesterton received a similar form by post to that which he had seen at the hospital. Laying the form on the table he stood with eyes fixed on the words which it bore for some minutes. Then, taking up a pen, he very deliberately added his name:—

GERALD CHESTERTON.

He had signed the pledge.

Gerald kept the pledge loyally and bravely. From the moment of signing it, his fortunes changed. On learning the true story, his uncle softened and yielded, and once more became a good friend to his struggling nephew. In the district it soon became known that young Dr. Chesterton was altered; and as it was also known that he was clever, patients sought his aid, and he found himself with a steadily growing practice.

'I owe it all to that boy, Whitmarsh. He was my first patient when I was a wreck and the last spark of hope had gone. It was a bad hurt for him, but it meant life to me. That boy and his pledge did it,' Gerald has confessed many times.

George Whitmarsh slowly recovered from the severe injuries caused by that eventful accident. When, at last, he left the hospital, it was to find that he had a new friend in the young doctor who had been the first to help him, on that memorable night, when he lay with broken limbs in the roadway. And rarely has there been a friendship more warm and more lasting than that, which, from that time, existed between Gerald Chasterton and George Whitmarsh.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Aug., 1904, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Correspondence

Arkwright.

Dear Editor,—As I have never seen any letters from here, I concluded I would write one. I get the 'Messenger' at our Sunday-school, and I like reading the Correspondence very much, more especially the short stories. As another little girl said in the last issue of your paper: the long ones took too long to read. The Orangemen at our little village, named Williscroft, are going to have a box social on Dec. 4 next. I had a nice time last summer. I was at a barn raising, two picnics, one in a grove and another at the shore of Lake Huron. I had a sail away out on the water. I was out on July 13, and also to one Fall Exhibition, so I think I had a fair time of it. I am going to try the entrance next July. My birthday is on March 23.

FLORENCE McN.

Mongenais, Que.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl twelve years old. I am spending my holidays at my grandpa's and grandma's. My grandpa will soon be eighty, and he is able to do a lot of work yet. He gets up at four o'clock every morning, and I think that is why he is so healthy. They have two orchards, and a lot of fruit; also a quantity of strawberries and black, white and red raspberries. I have ten aunties and six uncles on my mother's side, and one auntie and two uncles on my father's side. For pets I have two cats, which I call Jackie and Minnie, and a dog named Colly, who goes after the cows alone. I have two little brothers and one little sister who is called after Queen Wilhelmina. I go to day school, and I am in grade three. I like the 'Messenger' very much. My home is in Lochiel, Ont. My birthday is on May 26. I write with my left hand.

S. A. McG.

Riverfield.

Dear Editor,—I live in the country about thirty miles from Montreal. My papa owns two hundred and ten acres of land, and our house is built on a hill surrounded by a beautiful maple grove and orchard. The name of our place is Mount Pleasant. As it is holiday time, I have a little cousin out from the city, and we have fine times; we play croquet, ball, and swinging. One day we went to the Blueberry Rock, and we got a lot of berries. It was very hot on the rock, and we were all tired when we came home. Our folks have just finished haying.

ETHEL R.

Tormore, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write a letter, as I have seen none from Tormore. I like the 'Messenger' very much, and could not do without it. I would like to join the Royal League of Kindness. My birthday is on June 30. For pets we have a canary, two cats, a kitten and two dogs. I have two brothers and no sisters.

HOWARD C. T. (aged 9).

Johnville.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl, twelve years old. My brother takes the 'Messenger,' and likes it very much. I have three brothers but no sisters. I go to school. I have a piano. I am in the fourth reader at school. I have a brother sixteen years old, another nine, and another four years old, and their names are: Henry W., Clifford S., and John W. I have no mother.

MABEL B.

Florence, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am twelve years old, and I am in the junior third class. I have three sisters and one brother. They are all older than myself. Florence is a very pretty place in the summer time. There is a wood near our house, and I go out gathering wild flowers sometimes in spring. I think Amy G.'s poetry is comical. I like to read very much. I will name a few of the books I have read: 'Black Beauty, 'The Elsie Books,' 'The Franconia Stories,' and a number of others.

MAY C.

Mitchell Square, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have never written to the 'Messenger' before, so I will try to write a little letter now. Our school is about two miles away, and I go every day. But we are having holidays now. I live on a farm. We have nine milking cows, and six horses and one colt. I live about four miles from Lake Simcoe, and we have a little picnic there every summer. I have four sisters and one brother, and as he is the only boy in the family, he is made a great pet of. My sister's names are Winifred, Lucy, Clara and Hazel, and my brother's name is Willie. We get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school, and we all like it very much. I will close now, as I have nothing more to tell you at present.

FLOSSIE M. C. (aged 12).

Flodden, Que.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl seven years old. I go to school, and I am in the second reader. We have nineteen scholars in the school. We all like our teacher very much. I have two little kittens and three old cats. My papa keeps thirteen cows and six calves, and three horses, and also one little colt. Its name is Tom.

GLADYS M. S.

North Bruce, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for nearly a year, and we like it very much. I read the Boys' and Girls' Page first, and I also like to read the stories very much. I go to school every day when there is school. Our teacher's name is Miss S. I am in the third reader. We live about five miles from a village. I go to Sunday-school, and I like it very much. Our teacher's name is Miss N., and our minister's name is Mr. B. The Editor will think this letter is never going to come to an end.

D. M. C. (aged 11).

Russell, Man.

Dear Editor,—I can sweep, dust, scrub and make beds. I go to school. I am in the third book. I like studying geography best. We live about four miles from town. I have two sisters and three brothers. I was at the show, but it had been raining for two days, and it was muddy. The afternoon I was there it was raining, and there were not many people at the place. Papa showed horses, and he was awarded some prizes. I will close.

DOROTHY R. (aged 10).

Southwold, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl nine years of age. We get the 'Messenger,' and like it very much. As this is my first letter to the 'Messenger,' I would like to see it in print. I gathered a lot of flowers this spring, and I pressed them in a book. The flowers that I gathered were the red and the yellow lily, the spring beauty, hepatica, buttercups, lady-slippers and ferns, violets and Jack-in-the-Pulpit. I have one brother named Wilmer, and four sisters. If there were not so many sisters, I would name them. When I was out in the woods I saw a hut where the men make syrup, and I came over and saw a nest. I looked in it and saw some robin's eggs, four of them. The blackbirds are in my Uncle Jack's corn, and they will eat it all up if they get the chance. If I see this in print I will write to the 'Messenger' again.

AGGIE B. M.

Summerville.

Dear Editor,—I was so pleased at my letter being in print that I am tempted to write another one. When I wrote the last one I was fourteen, but I am fifteen now. I said I was in the fifth grade then, but I am in the sixth grade now. I got that kitten, but I didn't have it very long before it got drowned in one of our neighbor's wells. I mentioned in one of our views, but I did not tell the most splendid part of it. I can see Windsor City and Avondale Village, and Handsport Town. The neighbor say we need not have any pictures in our house, for we have such lovely views. My papa is home now from sea. He brought me home some lovely presents. I would like to join the Royal League of Kindness. I wonder if any little boy or girl has the same birthday as mine, July 15.

ETNA VIOLA S.

Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Editor,—I am eleven years old, and my birthday is on Dec. 3. I have three sisters and one brother. I had a little sister who died when she was nine months old. I have one pet puppy, and his name is Buster. I go to the Zion Sunday-school. We get the 'Messenger' there, and I like it very much. I love reading the Correspondence. I have not read many books.

MARY H.

Farndon.

Dear Editor,—As I have never written to the 'Messenger,' I thought I would write. We go to the Methodist Church at Stanbury, and get the 'Messenger' there. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Miss H. We are going to have a picnic for our Sunday-school. Our day school opens in September. One of my school mates died last winter. Her name was Hazel F. I have lived with my uncle and aunt since I was two years old. We live on a farm, and keep ten cows and two horses. I have a cat whose name is Dewey. We keep the post-office and have a daily mail.

GRACIE S. (aged 12).

Castor, River Joseph, Que.

Dear Editor,—I live in the country, like most of the writers of the 'Messenger,' but I would rather live in the village. We live on a farm. We have six horses, four cows and two pigs. I have two brothers and one sister, and for pets we have two puppies and a kitten. My birthday is on June 27. I am twelve years of age, and I am the second of the family. I have lots of riddles. A little house full of meat, but no door to get in to eat. What is it? An egg. Away down in a dark dungeon there was a brave knight all saddled, all bridled, all fit for a fight, silk was the saddle and brass was the bow. I have told you three times in a row, and yet you don't know.—An awl.

GRACE M. P.

Answer for Yourself.

(E. A. Woods, in the 'Canada Baptist.')

'What kind of a church would our church be,
If every member were just like me?'

These lines rhyme well, surely. They jingle like bells. Repeat them; sing them; whistle them. Every one 'just like me.' Such a church ought to please me. Would it please the Master? What kind of a prayer-meeting should we have? Every member 'just like me.' How about the Sunday-school? and the church treasurer? How much money would he have? 'Just like me.' What would the unconverted say of such a church? How soon would God's will be done on earth as it is in heaven?

Let us say it and sing it again, and each answer it for himself:

'What kind of a church would our church be,
If every member were just like me?'

Results of a Friendly Interest.

A certain lady, when visiting in a minister's family, was told of some bright, cultured people in the neighborhood who, however, never attended any religious services. 'I will go and see them,' the visitor volunteered. 'But what excuse will you have for going?' the hostess questioned anxiously. 'Oh, yes; take this book, I remember having heard one of the ladies express a desire to read it.' 'But I don't want an excuse,' was the reply. 'I want them to know that I am interested in them.' As a result of the visit every member of the family became regular attendants at the church services, and three of them became Christians. Speaking of it afterward, the mother said, 'I never realized the danger we were in until I saw that some one else—and that, one who was almost a stranger—was concerned about us.'—'Ram's Horn.'

Bees on Her Bonnet.

During a hot summer morning, when the windows and doors had been left open, a hive of the clerk's bees came into the parish church of Hickling, in Nottinghamshire, whilst the parson was in the midst of his sermon. They settled upon the bonnet of a lady who sat in the corner of a pew. Less nervous than many of her sex, this lady took no notice of the intruders, removed her bonnet quietly, and laid it upon the seat. Then she turned her attention to the discourse. After service the clerk came with a hive and carried off his bees. But so calmly and coolly had everything been done that hardly a soul in the church was aware of this interesting occurrence.

HOUSEHOLD.

Boiling a Potato.

'We often hear the remark that some would-be cook "cannot boil potatoes." The truth is, few cooks prepare this dish properly,' says Alice Dynes Fealing, B.S., in 'Good Housekeeping.' 'The girl who understands science knows that the potato does not boil. The water boils, and the heat conveyed by this medium cooks the starch and softens the cellulose of the potato.

Physics has taught her that, under ordinary pressure, water never becomes any warmer after the boiling point, (212 degrees Fahrenheit, 100 degrees Centigrade) is reached; therefore she allows the water to remain at boiling temperature until the heat has penetrated and cooked the vegetable. She then removes the water at once, and has a mealy, flaky potato. True, without her knowledge of science she might obtain the same result accidentally; but she is quite as likely to continue the cooking until the starch is partly dextrinized and a gummy, sticky potato is the result.

The unscientific cook is quite likely to endeavor to hasten the cooking process by adding fuel to the fire, thus causing violent boiling, believing that she is thus attaining her object. She may cause the vegetable to break by the mechanical action of the water, or the liquid may splash over the stove or pass off in steam, but in no case is the cooking accomplished in less time. Thus a knowledge of the simple laws of physics prevents a waste of fuel, a point in economy well worth consideration.

An Easily-Made Meat Safe.

Every housewife in towns knows the difficulty of finding satisfactory larder arrangements, and is apt to envy her country sister to whom space is not such an object, and who more often than not rejoices in the possession of a wire-covered safe or outdoor larder. Fresh air is a necessity, yet flies must be kept out; meat keeps best when hung up, yet it must not be left uncovered. A most handy arrangement may be made of carse muslin or mosquito net. Get two lengths of thin cane and make them into two circles by binding the ends together with stout twine. Then take enough muslin to make a bag that will go round the circles, join this up for all its full length, fix the two circles inside at some distance from each other by running the muslin together round the cane, thus enclosing it in a tuck. Draw up the muslin at the top and fix it to a ring by which the whole can be hung up. Into this ring put an ordinary iron butcher's hook, so that you can hand a joint of meat on it by a loop of string. When the meat is inside, the lower edge of the muslin is to be gathered up in a bunch and tied tightly with string. The air can then get to all parts of the meat, but no flies find an entrance, and this handy little contrivance can be hung quite close to the window without fear of danger from insects. If the muslin gets soiled after a time, it may be washed by soaking in hot water in which a little soda has been dissolved.—'League Journal.'

Household Hints.

To clean a taffeta silk skirt take equal parts of water and ammonia and rub on with a brush.

Spiced grapes are a good relish for meats and so easily made that any housekeeper can slip in at least one batch in preserving-time. The grapes are in the right condition when not quite ripe. They should be washed thoroughly and simmered till soft in just enough water to cover them. Press through a sieve to remove the stones and the skins, and to ten pounds of the fruit add five pounds of sugar, two quarts of vinegar, one tablespoonful ground cinnamon, two teaspoonfuls ground cloves, with one of allspice. Grate in a whole nutmeg and return to the fire to boil down to about the consistency of thick catsup before sealing in jars.

A good way to use up the bits of soap that form from time to time in the bathroom is to get out a new cake before the old one breaks in two. Soften the surface of both cakes a little by using, then press the thin cake up against the new. Let them dry together before using, and the old piece will adhere to the new and get used without any waste.

Although the odor of lavender is agreeable to most people, the flies do not like it; it's probably too clean a smell for their taste. If a room is sprinkled with an equal amount of water, they will vacate it.

It is a good plan, when crocheting wool, to place the ball of wool in a china basin; the basin being smooth inside it does not pull out, and unwinds quite easily, and so saves much trouble of getting entangled and soiled by rolling on the table, floor, etc.

Sweet white clover gives a pleasant perfume to sheets and pillow cases. Pull while the sun is shining on it and put in cheesecloth bags.

A housekeeper writes to an eastern contemporary: 'It gives me pleasure to inform you what will entirely exterminate, root out and destroy every moth, whether in carpets, clothes or furniture. I have a large house full of the richest carpets, all are very woolly, also rich furniture, all of which has been in use since 1875, and not a moth has been seen at this date. But the first year we moved in we had millions, although everything was new. Twice a year I take turpentine and a paint brush, and saturate the edges of carpets all around, move all the furniture, and get at the dark and dusty corners and in the dark closets. I rub the brush all over if carpeted. For rich furniture take paper and wet it with turpentine, and nail the paper under the sofas and chairs. The smell of this will drive out the moths and kill their eggs. —'Northwestern Christian Advocate.'

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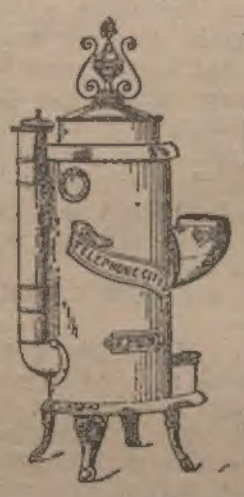

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THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'